UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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Contents.

PAGE.

EDITORIAL.
Notes 161
Let the Eagle Soar 161
A Peace which Passeth Understanding.—H. D. M. 162
The Six Years' Course.—J. C. L. . . . 162
Men and Things 162
CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.
Conscience.—E. F. HUDSON. 163
Hedda Gabler.—H. TAMBS LYCHE. . 163
CORRESPONDENCE.
CHURCH DOOR PULPIT.
Three Distinctions in Worship.—J. C. LEARNED. 164
THE STUDY TABLE 165
NOTES FROM THE FIELD 166
THE EXCHANGE TABLE. 166
THE HOME 167
ANNOUNCEMENTS 168

Editorial.

OUR duty towards the principles and beliefs we entertain is not accomplished in their mere intellectual admission, the courage with which we admit their reasonableness and truth and declare them our own. Faith is proved by works, and by work, in the cause of secular justice and righteousness as well as in religion. George Jacop Holyoake, whose published address on Charles Bradlaugh we have elsewhere noticed, said that the key to the character of the "lion of debate" was belief in "the ascendency of right *through him*." Belief in a great and glowing truth is first required, but it is worth little unless followed by belief in our individual power and obligation to help spread and establish this principle. We must be doers of the Word and not hearers only.

WE have long thought that Paul struck his lowest note, and about as low a note as a great prophet of the soul could possibly strike, in the oft-quoted nineteenth verse of the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians. The weakness of this bit of Pauline pessimism has never been laid bare in a way at the same time more keen and kindly, than in this delightful comment which we clip from J. H. Allen's volume on "Positive Religion," the subject of an article in another column. "If in some downcast mood, or under stress of argument, Paul did say once, 'If in this life only we have hope we are of all men most miserable,' that one lapse from his habit of cheerful courage might well be pardoned, the outward conditions of this life being then so merciless and hard. But there is no such reason to be given now by those who misquote his words. There is nothing of it in the Old Testament. . . . . And all that is strongest and sweetest in the New Testament, while it opens up the comforting vision of the glories of a world to come, at the same time glows and throbs with a present joy that is felt to be divine, and is linked in naturally and continually, with the experience, the affection, the duty, of the present life."

MR. HOWELLS, writing in a vein of graceful and generous comment in the last Editor's Study of Prof. William James' new work, "The Principles of Psychology," urges both young and old to master the contents of the chapter on Habit, as something which the former can read "with fear and hope," the latter with "self-pity or self-congratulation." He adds that it should be studied in connection with the masterly chapter on the Will, which inevitably deals with the old-new question of free-will, on which Mr. Howells himself speaks suggestively when he makes distinction between the free and "freed" will: "In fact the will of the weak man is *not* free; but the will of the strong man, the man who has *got the habit* of preferring sense to nonsense and "virtue" to "vice" is a *freed* will, which one might very well spend all one's energies in achieving.

OUR British cousins find a good deal to amuse and disapprove in the alleged "Americanisms" of our common English speech; but Mr. Brander Matthews, writing for July *Harper's Monthly* on the subject, chooses a title that works both ways, "Briticisms and Americanisms." He finds a copious list of original and native forms of expression in the speech of the Australians which may very properly be classified as "Briticisms," and which compare very well, that is poorly, with those colloquialisms which mark our own language. "The wild howling of the *dingoes* in the *scrub*" is one of the choice passages selected from the Australian literature under review, and an evening meal is described as made up of "*damper* and *wallabi* flesh, with a *billy* of tea." Mr. Matthews tells us examples equally puzzling and curious might be gathered from Canadian sources, to say nothing of those peculiar idioms which mark the speech of the educated Britain who stays at home, safe from the supposed corrupting influences of a new and pioneer social state.

THE latest statement from Dr. Briggs appears in the *North American Review* for July, under the title, "The Theological Crisis," in which he sets forth under another form his first theory concerning the threefold basis of authority in religion. The church of Christ, we are told, was established on the day of Pentecost. The writings of the first church fathers must "ever remain the rule of faith and life," the progress of the church being "registered in its symbolical books." The successive reform movements that have marked its history are evidences of the Holy Spirit still at work within it. Dr. Briggs believes in the necessity of doctrine, but makes distinction between that of the Bible and that of ecclesiastical creed and traditions. The strife that has found its last culmination in the present issue arises from the inevitable conflict between the spirit of man and traditional theology. Dr. Briggs does not seem to see any necessary connection between theology and the assumption of Biblical infallibility. In this he is logically less consistent than the Roman Catholics, who are right in contending that a divinely-spoken word needs an authorized interpreter; but inconsistency is one of the first signs of mental growth, and the logical errors of minds like the Union professor's will aid progress more than the strict matching of conclusion to premise in the cut-and-dried systems of faith he is opposing.

WE publish with pleasure this week the article on Ibsen which appears in another column. The writer is one born to his task, and has given us an interesting and helpful piece of interpretative criticism. Doubtless Mr. Lyche's view of the author of Brand and Peer Gynt is that which most of his countrymen would share, *viz.*, that he is primarily the critic of Norway, that the themes with which his dramas deal spring directly from the national life and character. Yet they are at the same time of that wide significance and deep moral purport which gives them a universal meaning and application. Hedda Gabler, to judge from the extracts we have seen in the press, is the most relentless and repellant piece of work its author has yet done; but Mr. Lyche well shows how characters such as here appear, are the inevitable result of a social state liberated in ideas, but still in the bonds of a material existence, without moral enlightenment or aspiration.

A WRITER in the California press tells some interesting facts about the people of the island of Sumatra, which he has lately visited. He begins by declaring that in all his travels he has never found a happier people than these, and attributes much of their prosperity to the laws and customs relating to women, which, if he speaks correctly, are singularly wise and liberal for a "heathen" community; the Sumatrans being Mohammedans. The wife is the personage of most honor and authority in the family. When a man dies his property goes back to his father or mother, but the wife's goes to the children. Hence the husband does all he can to enrich the wife. We are told that "once married, the husband for the rest of his life is his wife's lover," that divorces are very rare, though permitted. "When a woman's husband dies she plants a post in front of her particular door in the family house and hangs a flag upon it. While the flag waves she may not marry again. But when the winds, blowing softly off the sea, have torn it into shreds and scattered the bits on the ground, her term of mourning is over and she may accept a second lover's proffer."

MODERN civilization has demonstrated nothing more clearly than the failing merit of the "one-man" idea in politics or social affairs. We read Carlyle's Hero Worship nowadays, not from belief in its philosophy, but as the brilliant exposition of an eloquent but erratic son of genius, on a subject on which he spoke with much wisdom and marvelous folly. The Napoleons of history have had their day. They belong to that era of social development,—the long preparatory period before generic man learns to govern himself—when might makes right. The latest example of this class is Count Bismarck, about whom Privy-councillor Geffcken writes in the July *Forum*, and in a way which shows that he, the writer, and his royal ruler as well, have at least some appreciation of what it means to live and govern in the latter part of the nineteenth century. The dethroned chancellor is here described as one who adhered always to the "Cæsarian system." . . . To govern was, according to his idea, not to persuade but to command." Hence, as this is not an age that cares for Cæsars, Bismarck fell. The one who displaced him may be as little in sympathy with democratic ideas as he, but the young emperor at least does not set his face with quite such blind stubbornness against the spirit of the age in which he lives.

THE most conspicuous figure among modern philanthropists is undoubtedly Baron de Hirsch, whose views on the best methods of relieving human suffering and need, as published in a short article in the current number of the *North American Review*, are of widespread interest. He begins by laying down the principle that "the possession of great wealth lays a duty upon the possessor." He would never in relieving a case of human suffering inquire into the religious belief of the one asking such assistance, yet it is but natural that the situation of the followers of Judaism in the oppression they have suffered in all the ages and are not yet relieved from, should appeal most powerfully to him. From combined motives of patriotism and humanity, and with the practical end in view to contradict the opinion that prevails in many minds that the Jews have no taste for or skill in agricultural pursuits, he is laboring to settle his refugee countrymen, or fellow-religionists rather, as farmers. In casting about for suitable places in which to carry out this great work Baron Hirsch has settled on the Argentine Republic, Canada and Australia, it being his conviction, he tells us, that "the new settlement should be scattered through different lands and spread over a large space, so that there shall be no opportunity for social or religious rupture."

Let the Eagle Soar.

We write on the eve of the "Fourth of July." The bunting begins to appear over the housetops, the "red, white and blue" has been in the shop windows for a week. The small boy has already begun his ear-torturing business. The nefarious toy pistol is going the rounds doing its deadly work. And to-morrow the voice of the orator "will be abroad in the land," and the American eagle will scream itself hoarse. To all of this we are not only reconciled but are proud of it. It has become quite the fashion in these later years to cry out against the Fourth of July orator; and the Fourth of July oration has become the object of ridicule. The ruling passion for caricature and the strong tendency of the American youth to reduce everything to the ridiculous, finds in the Fourth of July speech material quite to the purpose. With this tendency we have but little

sympathy. A little over-enthusiasm is much better than cynicism. Over estimates bespeak a better condition of mind than under appreciation. Clannishness is to be deplored and a patriotism that runs to partisanship is not good. But the cosmopolitanism that we desire is not reached by him who seeks the beauties and glories of all countries but his own, and is an habitual grumbler concerning that. The present writer is glad that he was brought up on "FOURTHS OF JULY" such as obtained in country sides before the war, and which we hope still obtain in many places. It is with a sense of sadness that we contemplate that high development of the city which shuns the orator, the popular chorus and the procession of the "Fourth," and seeks only the luxuries of fruits, picnics, the extravagance of an excursion, or what is more probable, the endurance of the noise while staying at home in sullen patience.

In breadth of territory, wealth of resource, variety of landscape, our country is confessedly noble, but its history, its contribution to human liberty, its hospitality to thought, its spiritual resources make it a thousand times more so. Religiously the hope of the world to-day is not in Rome but in the United States. The bishopless territory of congregationalism in its various forms has in it more religious potency than all the hierarchies of Christendom, and this congregationalism in religion, a church "of, for and by the people," finds its warrant and inspiration in the government of the United States.

Let other lands cherish their traditions and honor their heroes, and we will try to share with them their love and their loyalty, but let not the citizen of the United States forget its own Washington and Lincoln, its Jeffersons and Sumners, its Bunker Hill and Valley Forge, its Independence Day, its stars stripes and its American eagle. George Eliot has well said that no nation was was ever great without its processions, holidays and celebrations. We hope there will never come a time when the Fourth day of July will cease to be a a day of oratory, of music and of enthusiasm. Let rhetoric do its best, poetry reach its highest on this day, and then it will be disappointing and unsatisfactory because of its under not over statements. "For eye hath not seen nor ear heard the things that God hath prepared for those that love Him" in the principles, privileges and potencies of these United States of America.

A Peace which Passeth Understanding.

In his recent volume entitled "Positive Religion,"* Mr. Allen has placed us deeply in his debt. The contents of the book abundantly justify the text of the title page: "We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen." The reader is here brought into contact with the genuine experiences of a thoroughly religious soul, and that contact is most wholesome and uplifting; while the catholicity with which our author approaches lines of thought differing from his own is charming. Nothing could be more admirable, for instance, than the temper of his essay on "The Term 'Agnostic'" or what he has to say about "The World Religions."

There is, however, running through the book, a thought with which readers of Mr. Allen's writings are already familiar, a thought not at all peculiar to him, indeed, but quite common among us, so common that it has long seemed in need of more intelligible statement. We refer to the notion that there is a religious peace somehow attainable apart from the exercise of the understanding. The way of reaching it is variously described as the method of experience or of faith or perhaps of submission or trust. Or, it may be, the heart is spoken of as revealing truths which the intellect is powerless to reach. Sometimes this transcendental faculty is referred to in language that seems intended to describe the intuition, what is sometimes called the "pure" and "higher reason," a power, that is, by which we apprehend truths directly without the aid of syllogisms or experience. This is intelligible. But such a process is an exercise of the mind, not the heart. Such a faculty, if we possess it, is purely intellectual. If without the help of the senses or of logic I can immediately see God or immortality, or duty, or the deep and abiding significance of human life, and so fill my soul with peace, I am using my reason just as truly as when, ignoring my diagrams or my experiments, I immediately and directly take in the truth that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. If, now, those who insist that somehow when a man is dealing with the religious life, he must turn his back on his intellect and accept the leading of his heart instead, if they refer to something else than the exercise of the intuition, which would be a strictly intellectual process, we must frankly confess, that they seem to us to be advocating the policy of closing one's eyes and "going it blind." But this is the method of superstition, and can not be what they intend. We crave enlightenment,—provided it can come through the brain. Our heart is already fully employed in responding to the demands of the brain, and producing such sentiments as befit its visions.

But the really serious feature in this view of the method of religion as distinct from the method of science, is the dualism which it implies. The brain is of the earth, earthy; the soul, alone, of heaven. Thinking is well enough in its way, but out of place in the cultivation of the spiritual life. If you would know other truths, open your eyes; if you would know God, close them. Not this the gospel on which shall rest the faith of the future. Science is not the whole of religion, but it is its indispensable foundation. A philosopher may fall short of heaven, but he will stand a much better chance of reaching it than a fool. He who has grasped the largest measure of truth has possessed himself most fully of the Infinite thought, and so made possible the completest harmony with the Infinite Heart. The much despised human reason! "This is the stone which was set at nought of yon builders, which is become the head or the corner." "There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."

H. D. M.

*Positive Religion.—Essays, Fragments, and Hints. By Joseph Henry Allen, Author of "Hebrew Men and Times," "Christian History in its Three Great Periods," "Our Liberal Movement in Theology," etc. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Cloth, $1.25.

The Six Years' Course.

II.

In taking another step in the plan of study announced two years ago, we meet the same doubts and difficulties which were raised then, and which underlie all departments of education. How much is the teacher to do? How much shall be required of the pupil? How much of the instruction is to be oral? How much shall be printed in the text-book?

Some feel strongly that all, or nearly all, should be included in the lesson book. This is urged (1) because reference books on the themes to be treated are wanting; and (2) even if they were to be had, teachers can not be found who will profitably use them.

This brings squarely before us the supreme weakness of our Sunday-school methods, and is sufficient to account for all our failures.

Many have supposed that Sunday-school work is easy work; that nearly anybody is competent to do it. That it takes little or no time beyond the hour of recitation; that if the teacher reads over the lesson for the day to the class, or hears the answers to the questions by the pupils, the work is done. These views must be completely eradicated or the Sunday-school must remain a doubtful good.

Much complaint is made of the poor quality of teachers; of their lack of intellectual power, of their unwillingness or incapacity to engage in instruction which requires the preparation of thought and reading. What does this complaint mean?

It means, for the most part, that as yet there has been no work introduced into the Sunday-school which challenged effort, or which was worth the time given to it. Look wherever you will and the hardest year's work has been the best year's work for both the teachers and classes of any Sunday-school.

To say that in any Unitarian society there is any real dearth of persons having the ability to teach our own religion well, is to misunderstand the situation. See how many there are ready to use a library, to join literary clubs, to enjoy the best magazines,—but we are told that all these best minds avoid the Sunday-school! Give them something to do that will enlist and stimulate their faculties, and there will be little trouble.

Some one has said it was easier to get a large sum of money than a small one in any appeal for a benevolent object. The larger appeal dignified the cause.

So in Sunday-school teaching, the response is in proportion to the demand. Ask little, make the qualifications cheap and easy, and only the goody-goody teacher puts in an appearance. Aim high, and present a course of studies that will tax the best powers of your best minds, which will almost compel the purchase of a reference library, and certainly make the teachers' meeting indispensable, and you may hope to found a Sunday-school, the very thought of which in all after years shall make religious faith seem a reality.

The plan of the "Six Years' Course," was not to furnish a series of manuals or text-books to save labor, but to direct it. They were rather to point out the sources of information than to contain it. By question and suggestion, they were to give flexibility rather than firmness of treatment. Generally, the subjects were too large to be written out. They would be belittled by being epitomized and made thus to look complete. It would inevitably lead to a false perspective. But a few rightly chosen questions might lead into a field, which described by a teacher who had been there before, would indicate inexhaustible riches and boundless extent.

The last place for teaching without previous preparation and constant effort, is the Sunday-school. The best ability in any religious society is needed there. In not a few of our churches happily in these later times, it is to be found there. And wherever it is wanting, we are persuaded it is not because the service is voluntary and not paid for, but because of the low intellectual standard, the petty and uninteresting requirements of the work.

L.

ALL nature's forces are capable of tremendous evil. But, were they not, they would be incapable of all good. —*M. J. Savage.*

THE rapidity with which the human mind levels itself to the standard around it gives us the most pertinent warning as to the company we keep. It is as hard for most characters to stay at their own average point in all companies as for a thermometer to stay 65 degrees for twenty-four hours together.—*Lowell.*

Men and Things.

DR. EMIL G. HIRSCH, of Sinai Temple, and Rev. J. V. Blake, of the Third Unitarian church, recently exchanged pulpits, the latter speaking on "The Law of Kindness," the former on "Thy Kingdom Come."

THE commencement exercises at Tufts College, College Hill, Mass., on the 17th of June, also celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the institution, and was handsomely remembered by a gift of $40,000 from Rev. A. A. Miner, for a new building for the Divinity School connected with the college. Doctor Miner is ex-president of the college, and one of its most active supporters.

A SCIENCE item in one of our exchanges speaks of the "angry tree," a woody plant, which grows from ten to twenty-five feet high, and was formerly supposed to exist only in Nevada, but has recently been found both in eastern California and in Arizona. If disturbed, this peculiar tree shows every sign of vexation, even to ruffling up its leaves like the hair on an angry cat, and giving forth an unpleasant, sickening odor.

CARL KNIES, of Heidelberg, recently celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his installation in a professional chair. He is Germany's greatest living opponent of scientific socialism, and his reply to Marx in his "Money and Credit" is considered the ablest if not the only answer to the doctrines of "Das Kapital." Among his pupils have been Professor James of Philadelphia, and Professor Ely of Baltimore.

NO VISITOR at our national capital omits a drive to Arlington, the principal national cemetery among the eighty-two in our country. No feature of this place is at once more inspiring and affecting than the large stone that marks the heaped-up bones of hundreds of slain soldiers whose remains it was impossible to identify, even to the extent of a separate burial place marked "unknown." There are said to be 327,179 graves in these cemeteries, one-half of which bear this melancholy but eloquent inscription.

PROF. FELIX ADLER, at the close of the school of Applied Ethics, which has just opened for the summer at Plymouth, Mass., will go abroad to remain a year, spending the time in needed rest, and the study of those social and industrial questions in which he is so deeply interested. In a recent interview with a reporter, Professor Adler spoke of the early opposition from the churches, which his work in New York met with, and how it had been gradually overcome in later years; a matter which he regards as a source of just pride and congratulation.

WE are in receipt of a pamphlet written by George Jacop Holyoake, and published by K. L. Green, Buffalo, N. Y., on the life and career of Charles Bradlaugh. Probably no one is more competent to treat this subject than Mr. Holyoake, who took Mr. Bradlaugh's place at the Hall of Science, London, where he was engaged to speak, and prevented by the sickness that led to death. The occasion was used for a memorial meeting, and Mr. Holyoake's remarks, with sketch of Mr. Bradlaugh's life, are included in this pamphlet. Single copies 15 cts; ten copies to one address, $1.00.

AT a late meeting of the Channing Fraternity in Lowell, Mass., the president, Rev. George Batchelor, suggested a new line of work for the society in the establishment of a "temperance saloon," though this is, presumably, the name given only by the local reporter, not by Mr. Batchelor himself. He urged the opening of some place of pleasant resort, to offset the more dangerous attractions of the saloon. The suggestion met with favor, and a committee was appointed to report ways and means. The Fraternity numbers nine different departments of educational, philanthropic and social activity.

WE learn from the *Musical News* that Count von Moltke was not only an excellent mathematician, a good classical scholar, an accomplished linguist, an able *litterateur* and painter, but a musician of no mean skill, possessing also excellent critical powers, which made his opinions of value even in musical circles. He could play half-a-dozen instruments fairly, but like Pope Pius IX, delighted in the manly tones of the violoncello. He was an excellent sight reader, and was listening to a sonata of Beethoven's when the fatal seizure took place, "and the grand old soldier fell on his couch speechless, the strains of Beethoven being the last sounds he heard."

THE subjects in the summer course of Biblical study at Chautauqua the present season are: The Bible in English; The Bible in Hebrew and Greek; The Bible in the Ancient Versions; Biblical Literature; Biblical History; Biblical Theology; The Hebrew Language; The Assyrian, Arabic, Syriac, etc.; The New Testament Greek. The general scope of study provides for the participation of college students, members of organized young people's societies, teachers, and club leaders. For the more exhaustive study of the Bible there are courses in Old Testament Hebrew, New Testament Greek, Assyrian, Arabic, and Syriac. Professor Harper of Yale, we believe, conducts his study.

Contributed and Selected.

Conscience.

With the first *choice* 'twixt right and wrong
The spirit spread its wings for flight,
Downward or upward, burst the thong
That bound its sense of wrong or right.

Upon apparent moral void
Developed by the flowing years,
The vision breaks, oft seems destroyed,
But soon or late it reappears.

Though sometimes light and shade reversed,
Show wrong as right, and right as wrong,
The holy *purpose*, weak at first,
Is waxing, slowly, clear and strong.

The love that warms the chill of age,
Child-wisdom, leaving men's behind,
Points to a deathless heritage,
The independent life of mind.

But better to have felt the thrill
Of one right act and then to die;
To reign an hour a lord of will,
Than dream through immortality.

E. F. HUDSON.

Brooklyn, L. I., N. Y.

Hedda Gabler.

It is a dramatic masterpiece, certainly, this new play of Ibsen's. In four short acts, in a series of brief repliques, in the natural bearing and conversation of the few personages of the play through these four acts, he unrolls before us a part of life, years, whole careers, characters and their growth. It is not a *thread* of life he unravels for us, he has torn an entire piece out of life's web, and there it is with the thousand threads hanging and torn, but the piece is complete. It is not *a* life, it is life; a glimpse into it, the lifting up of the roof over one home for a day or two.

It is a tragedy. It is not beautiful. There is nothing noble, nothing heroic in it, no glamour of battle, no great catastrophes of nature, no interpositions of providence, no lightning, no thunder. But it is a terrible tragedy. One leaves it sad, and the sadness remains. There is no compensation in it, nothing to make the tragedy beautiful. It is sad and ugly, as are so many thousand tragedies of daily occurrence. We look into a cozy home, into a commonplace, thoroughly respectable home. There are soft carpets on the floor, easy chairs, flowers everywhere. The people smile and converse pleasantly and quietly. But through it all the tragedy winds its way, so quietly, noiselessly, no outsider suspects it; the smiles never cease, the pleasant aspect of everything remains undisturbed till two pistol shots ring out, and the tragedy is at end.

There is certainly nothing beautiful about this play; nothing edifying. There is not a character in it we can wholly admire or respect, for even poor Miss Tesman, self-sacrificing as she is, saint as she may be, is too tiresome with her sick-room talk and her dead. Hedda Gabler herself is a spirited, beautiful girl, who marries without a trace of love and soon finds her husband removed but one hair's-breadth from being ridiculous, cold, selfish, cruel, without moral sense. She is unhappy because she feels joy and excitement escaping her, with no aim or thought but to live intensely, to enjoy life thoroughly. She forms an unholy alliance with an old family friend to break the monotony of her life. She ruins on purpose and in cold blood a former lover, because *another* woman has reformed and inspired him and made him produce a great work. She is a sort of monster in a lovely woman's shape. As here drawn, Hedda Gabler is probably not *often* found in life; but in milder forms, restrained by prudence and cowardice, she is probably not so rare.

Her husband is a student with some talent, good-natured, dull and without character.

The lover is a genius, early ruined by dissipation, impressible, without character. Led astray by comrades, he has lost his inspiration through his low life; but under the influence of a commonplace, even dull, but good and unselfish woman, the inspiration returns and he surprises all by a new historic work. But a yet greater work, inspired under the same influence and treating of the future, is still in preparation.

At this point, however, he meets Hedda Gabler again and falls under her influence. She purposely uses her power to again ruin him, steals and burns the manuscript and draws him back into the old reveling life. She enjoys the feeling of *power* over a man who *is* something; and when all again is lost for the lover, she hands him a pistol and tells him to "do it beautifully."

The old family friend, Judge Brack, is an elderly, well preserved, polished, "gentlemanly" scoundrel of the most hateful kind, but of a kind hardly yet extinct. It is to escape falling into his power, that Hedda Gabler ends the tragedy by a shot in her temple.

But why did Ibsen write such a thing as this?

Hardly to amuse us. But to show us a side of life, to show us life as it is where the moral sense is wanting, where there is no rational will, no firmly rooted character, nothing but selfishness, greed for pleasure, and weakness.

"There it is," he seems to say,—"such is life, ladies and gentlemen, when you take duty and character out of it. There is everything else, culture, refinement, music, flowers, beauty, smiles, pleasant words and faultless etiquette, till the two shots ring out. I have nothing to add. He that hath understanding will understand."

Such in brief is this new book of Ibsen's. It is not a sermon, not an exhortation, not even a picture of sin; it is simply a picture of men and women of many fine possibilities, who, however, do not know or feel the law of righteousness, who are strangers to the Eternal Reason, or who, to speak in the phrase of the churches, know not God.

"But the people are almost insane, their personalities are without stability." No doubt; and just as one often finds it in real life. The American reader must remember that Ibsen pictures, first of all, *Norwegian life*, or at least one side of modern Norwegian life. Possibly such characters as are here portrayed are more rare in American society than in Norwegian. Ibsen has in many of his works dwelt on the morally disintegrating effects which often, and in European countries very frequently, follow in the steps of liberalism. He himself is far from being a conservative or an orthodox, but he has long seen that the so-called liberalism of Europe is neither all true nor all good. He has seen modern knowledge hopelessly undermine inherited beliefs, and the ideals derived from or largely supported by those beliefs fall with them. He has seen how the light of the nineteenth century leads of necessity to a total rejection, first of old forms of thought, then of old forms of feeling. He has seen how modern research, doubt, skepticism and denial undermine the old-time foundations of everything that once made life noble and sweet and holy. He said long ago that the misfortune of our age was that the best and foremost were left without ideals. Hence in one of his plays, the idealist, after a hopeless struggle, commits suicide. "There is no other way for him;" the poet says, "as things are now, he must give up life or give up idealism,—the nobleness of life."

A sad, pessimistic teaching! "Yes," he says, "I am a pessimist, if by it you mean that I think life impossible on the old lines; but I have absolute faith that new ideals are coming, better than those we have lost; a new religion, composed of science, poetry and freedom,—but these things have not come. We are still under the dark cloud, and for us there is nothing but to work away as truth points, that the better day may come the more quickly." This is quoted from memory.

In some respects thought is further advanced in Norway than here. The application of modern knowledge to old beliefs and customs has been made with more desperate consistency. Skepticism and doubt once begun have stopped at nothing, they have gone to the bitter end. Amongst our advanced and liberal classes theological difficulties and questions have long been dropped as of small account. A book like Robert Elsmere would, from many of these people, evoke only a smile at the simplicity which can rest satisfied in such conclusions or be concerned with such questions, where the very vital principles of life are growing doubtful. It is in the moral field that skepticism and doubt fight their battles. It is not a personal God that is the great question, but *righteousness*, its nature and authority. They have ceased to ask about the use and efficiency of prayer, they ask about the use and efficiency of goodness. We also *feel* that there is something great in goodness and moral law; but who can trust feeling alone? Make it *plain* to us, make *something* plain!

Ibsen once wrote a poem embodying this feeling. Life he pictures as a search for truth, for *some truth*, something plain and clear and to be relied on; but, he ends, "not a ray penetrates the utter darkness."

Such is the background to Ibsen's plays and characters, the mental and spiritual state out of which they spring. It is a strangely idealistic and aspiring people, but also desperately logical and modern, he depicts, unable to rest in the old forms of thought or find new ones;—hence the pessimism, the madness, the instability.

To Americans the life shining through Ibsen's plays might be a warning and a help. It seems to me as if the course pursued by Norwegian thought and skepticism is the natural and logical one, unless stayed by the appearance of new ideas and ideals wherein the people can find rest for their souls. Unless, therefore, such ideas and ideals, thoroughly rational, yet inspiring, based on the everlasting Rock, the Nature of Things, be well spread in this country in the very near future, moral doubt and skepticism with their evil and sad effects *must* follow. When the old authority in morals (the Bible) is being so rapidly destroyed (as such), then woe to the nation, if with equal rapidity a *new authority* be not found.

To find and reveal to larger masses of the people such a *New Moral Authority* should be, it seems to me, the chief end at the present time, of liberals, patriots, and all men anxious for the preservation of society and civilization. True conservatism does not lull people's thoughts to sleep, refuse to see the questions, the doubts, the yawning abysses, meet earnest questions with superficial and commonplace answers. Rather, true conservatism thinks on, works on, searches on, till it gets to the root of things. The wise radical is the only true conservative.

Sad as is in many respects the mental and spiritual state of a portion of the Norwegian people of to-day,—yet it contains greatest promise too. A people who for truth's sake will surrender all comfort, peace and rest, follow doubt and research to the end, is far from lost. It may not have truth, but it will have sincerity. The atmosphere has been cleared and cleaned. Cant is no longer possible. Compromises, surface adjustments are no longer to be thought of. There will be no worship there till there can be worship in truth and spirit. Words mean less to them than thoughts. Desperate earnestness has been created; nothing but reality, nothing but genuineness will be tolerated there. If the Norwegians, therefore, are furthest advanced and deepest in doubt to-day, they may be for that very fact furthest advanced to-morrow in the new faith and the new life, which are coming, surely coming, and dwell n many a heart already.

H. TAMBS LYCHE.

Correspondence.

EDITOR OF UNITY:—William Lloyd Garrison was not only a good abolitionist but a good prohibitionist also. He wrote in 1830: "Intemperance is a filthy habit, and an awful scourge, wholly produced by the moderate, occasional and fashionable use of alcoholic liquors; consequently it is sinful to distill, to import, to sell, to drink, or to offer such to our friends or laborers, and entire abstinence is the duty of every individual."

William Lloyd Garrison was neither a bigot nor a fanatic. In 1830 he seriously contemplated establishing an anti-slavery paper in Washington, D. C. It was to be called *The Public Liberator and Journal of the Times.* "It shall be open," he said, "to all temperate and intelligent communications on the subject of slavery, politics and morals. Whatever savors of bigotry or proscription shall gain no admittance. I am opposed to bondage under every aspect, spiritual, mental or physical. Implicit faith belongs to fools; and truth is comprehended by examining principles. My country is the world, my countrymen are mankind."

To read the biography of William Lloyd Garrison written and published by his sons will mightily stiffen one's backbone while undertaking any reform work. Every newspaper man ought to read his life.

I am glad that UNITY has a wide outlook. It must keep an eye on corrupt politicians and corrupt politics. The political and religious world is in a state of fermentation. The times are ripening for great changes in religious thought. Farmers and laboring people are seizing the reins of government. If they have wisdom to place it on a strong ethical basis all will be well. Our religious papers must enter more heartily into secular reforms. We, the people, need more *light* and more *life*. "I came" said Jesus "that they might have *life* and that they might have it more abundantly."

Yours for Truth, Righteousness and Love.

JOHN S. BROWN.

Lawrence, Kan., June 24, 1891.

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Church Door Pulpit.

Three Distinctions in Worship.

I.

AN ADDRESS BEFORE THE BERRY STREET CONFERENCE, BOSTON, MAY, 1891, BY REV. J. C. LEARNED.

I. When W. Boyd Carpenter, Bishop of Ripon, in his excellent course of Bampton Lectures, makes the characteristic of Islamism to be *dependence*, and that of Buddhism to be *fellowship*, and that of Christianity to be *progress*, he does not assert that either of these qualities is wholly wanting to any one of the three religions. Only it is the most striking feature of the faith with which it is named. So, in speaking to you to-day of theistic, of Christian, and of ethical worship, the terms must be considered as characterizing rather than defining its forms. The moral sentiment, it seems to me, must enter into all true worship. The recognition of worth, including the honor and service we pay to it, which is really what the word worship means, implies our thought of God. And it would be strange indeed to assume that either the belief in God or the moral sense were wanting in the supreme act of the Christian faith.

By theistic worship, however, I shall consider here that form of devotion which is paid to what is popularly thought of as a personal God—to a mythological or quasi-human God—a conception which has been inherited from the Hebrew or some other primitive faith. Think for a moment what the popular conception of God as a person is. It is intelligible and impressive, far enough removed from those philosophical abstractions which in every age have been branded as atheism. We might refer back to our own childhood for the picture. It is suggested by many a phrase dropped in conversation by people that we know It may be made up from the prayers and rituals used in the churches.

John Fiske gives this as his recollection: "I imagined a narrow office just over the zenith, with a tall standing-desk running lengthwise, upon which lay several open ledgers bound in coarse leather. There was no roof over this office, and the walls rose scarcely five feet from the floor, so that a person standing at the desk could look out upon the whole world. There were two persons at the desk, and one of them, a tall, slender man of aquiline features, wearing spectacles, with a pen in his hand and another behind his ear — was God. The other, whose appearance I do not distinctly recall, was an attendant angel. Both were diligently watching the deeds of men and recording them in the ledgers."

For mature minds the conception naturally becomes more vague and less crudely anthropomorhic. Yet I have met with those whose thought of a personal God was that of a being who had a personal interest in individual men—a "respecter of persons"; whose eye, whether of approval or rebuke, beheld every human act —the dispenser of "minute personal retribution," as Lecky says; whose hand was laid in care or chastisement upon every soul. One defined a personal God to be a God who appears as a person,—who at some time or other manifests himself in bodily shape.

In general, however, by a personal God is meant an anthropomorphic God, in image like man, but vaster; with human attributes raised to the *n*th power, it may be. He is a being who comes and goes, appears and disappears; not always in the same form or countenance. To-day pleased, to-morrow offended, sometimes speaking, at others silent. Endowed, therefore, with human passions and faculties. With a face, with a voice, with hands and feet, to express his feeling, to command and execute his will. He is often thought of as seated on a lofty or shining throne with crown and scepter, a bearded monarch, the commander-in-chief of the universe, with messengers near paying him reverence or waiting to do his bidding.

The God of the Old Testament works six days and rests on the seventh, "eats with Abraham, wrestles with Jacob, appears in a visible form to Moses, tempts men, speaks in human speech, is pleased with fragrant sacrifices, sleeps and awakes, rises early in the morning, is jealous, and passionately revengeful."

It is true that in the best periods and in the greater minds of the Jewish people, the moral and spiritual attributes of God are more fully recognized. The prophets called him Father and endowed him with higher motives of love and justice. Yet the national worship, when instituted, naturally took on the complexion of the popular conception. Its reality and earnestness, its hopes and fears, its penitence and prayers, sprang from their conviction that above their sight and in the heavens sat an all-powerful and egoistic being, who must be influenced and appeased by their offerings. He was a personage and a king, to whom, since they could not perfectly obey him, they must pay a rite, bring a gift, or present petitions, lest he destroy the prosperity of their callings, or withdraw protection from their own lives and the lives of their children.

Now, as Mr. Fiske says, the prevailing nature worship and ancestor worship of an earlier time can scarcely be called theism. But here we come upon an anthropomorphism which has never been called anything else—which is the true theism of the popular thought. And wherever and whenever men are thus brought face to face with a personal God we have theistic worship with rites and symbols, with language and gestures, to correspond.

The God idea was not stationary, however; and as in the history of thought it grew, the conception of the personal God expanding to greater power and majesty and mystery, he seemed more and more to withdraw from the common walks and the daily life of men. His dwelling place grew more imposing and remote. Worship became less familiar and spontaneous in utterance. There must be more preparation for his honor. There must be costly temples and dedicated places. There must be stately rituals and acceptable phrases. There must be ordained priests or appointed persons to confer with the great God. There must be gorgeous ceremonies with music and shouts of praise and incense and smoking sacrifices to gain the attention and favor, to reach the eye and ear, the mind and senses of the far-off God, dwelling in the thick darkness or the indescribable light of his celestial abode.

But at length the imagination of the worshiper destroys its own object and succeeds in removing God to such distant and unapproachable realms, as to raise the doubt whether anything man does can change the divine purpose or win the divine blessing. Thus by his own thinking and development a great gulf opens between man and God. In spite of all the local, mechanical and ceremonial appliances of a superb and imposing worship, he feels himself an alien and alone. There was a good deal of respect and awe and fear in the service, but there was too little trust and love. The sense of kinship was lost. Men craved the acquaintance of a being that they could approach, that could sympathize with them, who had been touched with the spirit of their infirmities. The great God was now too great for daily human intercourse, and a lesser god, an intermediate being, was a necessity to human thought.

II. This being, in the Christian church, was found in Jesus. Here was one who, more than man, but in official character less than Jehovah, the Son in distinction from the Father, human in his life, but supernatural in his powers, was sent into the world to bridge the chasm between the King in heaven and his subjects on the earth,—between the high and lofty One who inhabiteth eternity and his frail and offending child lying under the penalty of sin and death. In Jesus men gratefully beheld one who came to effect a reconciliation between God and His world, to make an atonement for the sins of mankind, and to restore peace and harmony to the spiritual universe.

The coming of Jesus was the beginning of a new dispensation, and what we here designate as Christian worship is the natural fruit of the Christian dispensation. The idea of the personal God, of Jehovah as King, if modified, is not surrendered. But henceforth, as orthodoxy has repeatedly said through its eminent representatives, "All theology is Christology," i. e., every thought or doctrine of God is first a thought or doctrine of Christ. This appeared first of all in worship. On the strength of certain sayings of Jesus all prayers to God began to be offered through Christ as the mediator and redeemer; offered "in his name," as the only name given among men whereby they can be saved. Petitions ended with the phrase "for Jesus' sake," implying that his sufferings and death have now made it possible for God to hear and grant the prayers of his children. Moreover, all rites and offices of religion are coupled with his name. All sanctuaries and seasons are, under the ordinances of the church, supposed to be imperfectly dedicated, except some mention is made of Jesus as the divinely appointed intercessor and Saviour. Whatever recognition there may be of God as Father, which was so fully sanctioned by Jesus himself, still we must not presume to come to Him in our own names, with our own characters, whether of merit or defect. To gain the divine blessing we must have "an advocate with the Father, even Jesus Christ the righteous."

It is this mediatorial scheme, which has given form through all the centuries to Christian worship. In short, Christianity has been a worship in the name of Christ. Nothing else so completely characterizes it. It has been a recognition of Christ's providential mission, of his official rank, of his superhuman power. It has been the prevalent and declared conviction that without reference to him, and the employment of his name, the prayers, the services, the sacraments of the church were null and void; that religion were thus dishonored, or but a relapse into a barren theism. "Theism," said President Woolsey, "theism as religion, as a source of motive power, has no life or strength," because it affirms too little, and does not touch our experience.

But men have gone farther than to regard Jesus as the specially endowed messenger and representative of God on earth. They have come to look upon him as the very person of God himself, clothed in human flesh, thus furnishing a reason for addressing their prayers to him directly. They have in this way suffered the Father to pass out of all practical relation to their faith. So greatly have they exalted the Son that he has filled the whole horizon of their thought. It was an illustration of this, when the Sunday-school superintendent, in giving a blackboard lesson to the children, printed the name of Jesus in large capitals, while the name of God was put in so small letters as hardly to attract attention. Or when as in times of "revival" you shall hear many a hymn to Jesus with rarely a verse in honor of God the Father. To such an extent has this gone that you may often find deliberate utterances like that of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, who wrote, "It is only of God in Christ that I can in my present state of being conceive anything at all." Mr. Beecher's agnosticism was equally pronounced when he said that Christ was his only God, that to him the Father was but a dim shadowy effluence from Jesus, rising in the background.

Theodore Parker said that orthodoxy was certainly right in exalting the Son above the Father, when we think what sort of being Jehovah of the Old Testament was, whom the man of Palestine dethroned. "The popular adoration of Jesus to-day," he declares, "is to me the best thing in the popular ecclesiastical religion."

Let us now ask how far our Unitarian church has been able to disengage itself from these inherited traditions. Certainly in its earlier history the official rank and miraculous redemption of Jesus largely dictated the spirit and phraseology of worship. Not so very long ago in the history of our American churches there was a tendency to call the newly founded societies by the name of the "Church of the Messiah" or the "Church of the Redeemer;" while prayer or benediction that did not end with the name of Christ, or with one of his distinguished titles, brought suspicion of unsoundness upon the young candidate. The earlier liturgies show this emphasis among us all, and even so late as the National Conference of 1865 a successful attempt was made, in the preamble of the constitution, to commit the denomination to the language of the lordship and kingship of Jesus in his supernatural office. To be sure this measure was not passed without protest. But wherever we look, the Messianic views of the synoptics, or the Pauline doctrine of salvation by the cross, or the later thought of God as the Logos, personal, and peculiarly manifested in the flesh of Jesus, has characterized Christianity. And the forms and phrases of devotion have been held in strict conformity to these convictions.

It is a temptation too great to be resisted, to read in this connection a passage from James Martineau, in that very significant book, "The Seat of Authority in Religion." In effect it leads us forward to a reconstruction of the forms of worship, more radical than the change from Judaism to Christianity. He writes:

"The identification, then, of Jesus with the Messianic figure, is the first act of Christian mythology, withdrawing man from his own religion to a religion about him. What has been its effect? I do not deny that it may have been the needful vehicle for carrying into the mind and heart of the early converts, influences too spiritual to live at first without it. Nor do I forget that it has saved the Hebrew Scriptures for religious use in the Christian church instead of leaving them no home but in the Jewish synagogue. But the moment the conception is seen to be false and unreal, this secondary plea disappears, and the whole system of images and terms that hang around the primary fiction and have no life besides, require revision. It does not escape me how wide is the sweep of this rule, and how the very scenery of the traditional drama of faith, the pictures with which art and poetry have rendered the invisible world beautiful and terrible, nay, much of the symbolism consecrated by the hymns and prayers of centuries, must shrivel at its touch, roll up and pass away; only, however, to leave us alone with God in a universe imperishable. If its magic should dissolve the theater in which we sit, and the stage lights go out, we should but find ourselves beneath the

stars. Must we not own that purely in his character of Messiah coming shortly with his saints to reign, was he called *Lord;* or only as presiding at the great assize which was to open his reign, was he called *Judge;* and because in that hour his verdict would reserve from the sentence which swept the rest away all those who knew and bore his name, he was called their *Saviour?* And can we pretend that, when that advent scene has been turned into a dream, its language can remain a sincere reality? For those who, instead of letting the Messianic vision break up as an Israelitish illusion, perpetuated as a Christian apocalypse; for those who believe that Jesus of Nazareth will send forth his angels and gather his elect, and set up his throne and divide the affrighted world with a 'Come ye blessed,' and a 'Depart, ye cursed,' these titles of sovereignty, of judicial award, of rescue from perdition, have still an exact and natural meaning, as the symbols of a definite, though monstrous mythology. But when once our relation to him has become simply spiritual, a relation of personal reverence and historical recognition,—a looking up to him as the supreme type of moral communion between man and God,—must we not own that these terms not only cease to represent any reality, but become either empty, or misleading as imagery? Between soul and soul, even the greatest and the least, there can be, in the things of righteousness and love, no lordship and servitude, but the sublime sympathy of a joint worship on the several steps of a never-ending ascent. The language which makes external differences of rank and function can no more enter into the fellowship of the spirit than robes of office and patents of nobility can go to heaven; the august presence of the Divine reality shames these things away. With the throne and the glory, and the chariot of clouds, and the retinue of saints in the air, and the trumpet of the herald, and the voice of the archangel, must disappear the lordship too; and God alone, as ruler of nature, as well as light of souls, and so disposing of us where we have no disposal of ourselves, must be owned as the sovereign whom we unconditionally serve. To no other being (the political organism apart) do we stand under this twofold relation, of outward dependence in the sphere of physical power, and of inward communion in the sphere of spiritual good; and nowhere else can the double attitude and the mixed language befit us of natural surrender and of moral aspiration. There alone the theocratic terms remain at home, and keep a meaning pure and firm. If you strain them thence, and carry them over to the realm of conscience and the affections, you confuse the region whence you take them, and vulgarize that to which you apply them. For mere figurative speech, indeed, which flings a transitory light and passes on, which settles into no formula, but moves with fitting gleams, the old Hebrew and apostolic types of conception remain as open and as rich as any other store; and of the 'promised land,' the 'heavenly Jerusalem,' the 'kingdom of heaven,' the 'City of our God,' the 'holy place behind the veil,' we shall never cease to speak so long as there is a divine love and hope in the human heart, and a faith in everlasting Righteousness. But it is precisely where there is no flash of poetry and no glow of fervor in the most literal and well weighed speech, in professions of belief, in definitions of doctrine, in forms of prayer, that the Messianic language has settled with its most tenacious hold; and, unless it be loosened thence our religion will perish in its grasp. Are we quitting our ancient sanctity in doing so? It is to enter on a truer and higher. It is time to ascend to a more enduring order of spiritual relations, binding us to a larger world of sympathy, while infinitely deepening the long familiar ties. Let us take courage to be true, and make no reserves in our acceptance of the inward promptings of our everlasting Guide."

The Study Table.

Books here noticed promptly sent on receipt of price by W. W. Knowles & Co., Publishers and Booksellers, 204 Dearborn St., Chicago.

The Diseases of Personality. By Th. Ribot, Professor of Comparative and Experimental Psychology at the College de France and editor of the *Revue Philosophique.* Authorized translation. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company. Cloth, 75c.

We have nothing but praise for this book, unless we except a few misprints, and these are rare. As with everything which comes from the office of the *Open Court*, the mechanical execution is fine. Our learned author has dealt with a very obscure theme, but in a very clear fashion. One of the conspicuous merits of his work is its thoroughly judicial temper.

Prof. Ribot's view is that personality, instead of being an independent entity, "results from two fundamental factors, the constitution of the body with the tendencies and sentiments that manifest it, and the memory." In reviewing, in these columns, some months ago, Alfred Binet's essay "On Double Consciousness," we protested against that phrase as somewhat misleading. It seems to assume a fundamental dualism in the human mind, whereas the facts are no more suggestive of a double than of a triple or quadruple or some other multiple consciousness. Prof. Ribot's argument sustains this protest. He quotes with approval Griesinger's comment on a line in Faust: "Not only two but several souls dwell within us."

Some of the cases cited are interesting as helping to explain the origin of the old delusion as to the prophetic character of dreams. Sometimes "pathological sensations, unperceived during waking hours, will re-echo during sleep like premonitory symptoms." Thus "Armand de Villeneuve dreams that he is bitten in the leg by a dog; and a few days later that same leg is attacked by a cancerous ulcer."

Incidentally we note a remark pregnant with profound significance, respecting the popular misinterpretation of the doctrine of evolution as the play of blind, unintelligent forces. We can not be too emphatically reminded of the fact that human nature is a part, the crowning part, of nature; that therefore the deliberate direction of the course of events by what we miscall the intervention of man is an integral factor in the process of the ages through which the fittest are to be made to survive. Says M. Ribot: "To unconscious adaptation, blind, incidental, dependent upon circumstances, there was added a conscious adaptation, uniform, dependent upon the animal, *surer and more rapid than the other; and the latter has shortened the work of selection.*"

H. D. M.

Charles Darwin. By Frederick Holder. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price $1.50.

Among the other excellent series of works, historical and biographical, which the above firm is issuing, none will meet with readier welcome than that to which this new life of Darwin belongs, forming, we believe, the first volume,—"Leaders in Science." The series is more especially intended for young readers, and the subject of the initial number is well chosen. Darwin's life contains an abundance of material calculated in even not the most skillful hands to entertain and instruct the young. His latest biographer well says, "The life of Charles Darwin was eminently fitted to be held up as an example to the youth of all lands." Both in point of character and in that of his renowned attainments this is true.

Mr. Holder has necessarily drawn his materials largely from Mr. Francis Darwin's life of his father, the only work extant which includes a full account of the great naturalist's career, supplied partly by himself, and his letters. The work is divided into twenty chapters, short and readable, with an appendix giving a list of Darwin's works, and other bibliography, followed by an index. The book is profusely and very handsomely illustrated, and the publisher's part of the work done in the finest style of art and workmanship.

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Mr. Rowell, like James Russell Lowell, evidently believes in

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> A tabular view of the volume's contents."

The transcript of the title-page leaves us little room for comment. The volume is an invaluable reference book for any would-be advertiser.

From Timber to Town. By an Early Settler. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price $1.00.

A dialect story of "Down in Egypt," replete with the features of the rude and early pioneer life it represents; a little tiresome in the reading, but presenting a faithful picture of a social era and type that deserves perpetuation, and can secure it most successfully at the novelist's hands, rather than the historian's.

THE *Literary World* says of Rev. W. H. Lyon's new work, "A Study of the Sects," that its excellent objective method is to explain the origin of the name of each religious body; to set forth its doctrine and its polity; to give a short opinion on its strength and weakness from the Unitarian standpoint, and then to supply statistics, questions for class use, and brief bibliographies. The matter is, of course, much condensed, but it retains good literary form. The amount of information given makes the book one to be desired by clergymen and Sunday-school teachers of any denomination. For the admirable way in which the facts are given, and the thoroughly excellent spirit of appreciation of the work done, and the truth held by other churches than the Unitarian, Mr. Lyon deserves unqualified praise. Members of any church can here learn to judge more wisely and kindly of every other, and it is one of the best of books to give the "Evangelical" Protestant a correct view of the church to which the author himself belongs.

Periodicals.

THE *North American Review* for July opens with an article by the eminent philanthropist, Baron de Hirsch, describing the methods and plans of his own work. The president of the Farmers' Alliance replies to Col. George E. Waring in the June number, and the farmer's interests also receive attention in an article by Erastus Wiman, entitled "The Farmer on Top." The article of second distinction is that on "The Theological Crisis," by Rev. Charles A. Briggs. Mrs. Amelia E. Barr writes of "The Relations of Society to Literature." Emily Faithfull of "Domestic Service in England." Dorman B. Eaton of "A New Variety of Mugwump," a reply to a previous article in the same magazine by ex-assistant postmaster Clarkson on "The Politician and the Pharisee," in which the writer, says Mr. Eaton, has succeeded only in presenting a new species of the Mugwump he condemns. The interests of women receive more than usual attention in the article already mentioned by Miss Faithfull, one on "The Future of Marriage," by John I. Healin, "To Women not Dumb," by E. Irenæus Stevenson, and on "Middle-Aged Women," by Kate Gannett Wells. "Ceres and Juno were always over forty," says this writer, "Venus and Proserpine were young, and made mistakes." Added to these are contributors like Richard T. Ely, Professor Freeman, Junius Henri Browne and others almost as illustrious.

The most prominent article in the *Review of Reviews* for July is one by Professor Herbert B. Adams, of the Johns Hopkins University, entitled "University Extension and its Leaders." It is an account of the popular movement for the dissemination of advanced education among the people in which the leading educators of America are now earnestly engaged, and is illustrated with fine portraits of the writer himself, Bishop Vincent the head of the Chautauqua movement, Presidents Eliot of Harvard, Dwight of Yale, Adams of Cornell, Gilman of Johns Hopkins, Low of Columbia, Harper of Chicago, Northrop of Minnesota, Mr. Melvil Dewey, Professor E. J. James, and various other gentlemen. It is an instructive article and the most complete ever written upon the University Extension movement. In the same number a competent authority has prepared a thorough review of all the ballot reform legislation of the American States in recent years, including the enactments of the legislatures of 1891, with a map showing all the States which have adopted the Australian system.

A sketch and portrait of Baron de Hirsch, under the title "The Millionaire Moses of the Nineteenth Century," are other prominent features of the magazine, which also contains a portrait of Dr. Pobedonostzeff, procurator of the Holy Synod. The publishers claim neither face has been before seen in any American periodical.

THE *Atlantic Monthly* presents us with the opening chapters of a new serial by Mary Hartwell Catherwood, dealing with Canadian scenes and incidents, "The Lady of Fort St. John." Rodolfo Lanciani writes of "Underground Christian Rome," and W. J. Stillman of "The Old Rome and the New." Octave Thanet, that admirable delineator of Southwestern life and character, has a descriptive essay on "Plantation Life in Arkansas," enlivened with some character sketches. The naturalist's article which this magazine offers us in nearly every issue comes this time from Bradford Torrey, who writes of "The Male Ruby-Throat." Agnes Repplier contributes an interesting essay on "English Railway Fiction." W. D. McCracken talks of "The Neutrality of Switzerland," and Professor Shaler speaks authoritatively on "College Examinations," which he would like to see abolished, believing the examination system inevitably leads to coaching, frequent sign of inefficiency and shallowness. William R. Thayer contributes a sketch of Tintoret, calling him the Shakspeare of Painters. The poetry of this number is supplied by Philip Bourke Marston. Elizabeth W. Bellamy writes the short story, and Mr. Stockton continues "The House of Martha."

THE most important article in the *Forum*, always on the watch for the newest subjects of popular interest and the best-equipped writers to handle them, is the account given by Professor F. Heinrich Geffcken, Privy Councillor, of the troubles between the German emperor and Bismarck. The writer speaks *ex cathedra* on many points, and his essay will be read with great interest. F. R. Daldy discusses novel-publishing in England and America, and the question of copyright it involves. Financial questions are discussed by David M. Stone and ex-Secretary Fairchild. Gen. F. A. Walker writes of the negro, and predicts his gradual disappearance from northern latitudes to the regions bordering the Gulf of Mexico, which he regards the black man's natural habitat. In an essay on "Home Life in France," Philip Gilbert Hamerton compares the domestic life of his adopted country with others, finding points of advantage and disadvantage in the former. Professor Herbert B. Adams, of Johns Hopkins, discusses the pregnant theme of University Extension, and Oswald Ottendorfer, of the New York *Staats Zeitung*, writes of Immigration, giving personal impressions and experiences.

GRADUATES and former students of western universities will find a peculiar interest attaching to Anson Uriel Hancock's latest story, to be published this month by Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. The book is entitled, "John Auburntop, novelist; his development in the atmosphere of a fresh water college." "Fresh water" has long been used by New England college men as a term of mild derision for universities west of their own territory. Mr. Hancock's story is not written with any controversial purpose, but simply as a faithful picture of life at the University of Nebraska in the '70's. Its impartial purpose makes it all the stronger vindicator of the atmosphere of a fresh water college as compared with salt water. Taking the best known literary pictures of three college atmospheres we obtain a striking and instructive contrast. "Tom Brown at Oxford" shows boat-racing as the one absorbing interest in the leading English university. "Rollo's Journey to Cambridge"—we have tried in vain to recall a more popular story of Harvard life than this clever parody—shows the fashionable interest of the young men to concern itself mainly with "the ingredients." Mr. Hancock's new story of the western university, where young men and young women meet on an equality, shows us students who find their greatest enthusiasm in the debating society and the class-room. How faithful a picture it is of Nebraska university the writer of this notice can not say, but he is certain that the book is full of details that suggest pleasing reminiscences of Wisconsin university, and he suspects that the same will prove true of Michigan, Kansas, Minnesota, Oberlin, Antioch, *et id omne genus.*

Apart from college scenes, the story introduces, as its name would indicate, some discussions of the tendencies of the modern novel. A strikingly original and characteristic review of "Les Miserables" is introduced toward the close of the book.

Most noteworthy of all is the artistic treatment of the character of Minerva Jackson, the heroine. We do not remember ever having seen before a faithful picture of the western college girl as she is, and all her friends as well as those whose acquaintance with her has been limited to the caricatures in "humorous" columns, ought to read Mr. Hancock's book and see her true likeness. We judge that the story, so far as it concerns the hero, is largely autobiographic, and if the author does not make himself quite so attractive as the heroine, we may set down part of the difference to modesty. The love story, is well told, and if its ending is not romantic it is doubtless all the truer to nature. To all who care for reminiscenses of western college life, to all who are interested in the opening of universities to women, and to all who enjoy forecasting the development of the American novel, "John Auburntop, novelist," will be of unusual interest.

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Notes from the Field.

Chicago.—Flower Sunday in All Souls Church, the last service before vacation, was even more than usually pleasant and heart warming. Friends from all corners of the state and from over the borders sent messages of love with the flowers that beautified the home altar. From Carbondale down in "Egypt" up to Janesville, from Sandwich, Rockford, Morgan Park and Hinsdale came these tributes of affection. Hinsdale lilies, from an old friend of the minister and congregation, always sent on such occasions, and without which "we should feel very lonesome," said the pastor, made a mass of grace and beauty around the font. Lombard sweet-brier added its fragrance, and the church florist, "Mr. Hilmers, of the city, sent picture-frame and inscription, all composed of flowers with the special service for the day indicated in the text taken from Matt. xix: 14."

The flowers made a worthy setting for the crowning beauty of the service, the dedication of five little ones to the service of "truth, beauty and love," and the reception of four adult members into the church. The special feature of this Flower Sunday is the class offering; each class bringing its gift of flowers and text, extract in prose or verse, fitting the occasion. These flowers are afterwards sent to the hospitals or to the sick of the parish. Sufficient material for many sermons is brought to the pastor at these times. Some of them are too good to be forgotten, and we yield space for one selection, which follows:

The Earth was then but newly born,
And lacking much in grace;
Her skin was wrinkled, tears and frowns
Chased o'er her baby face.

Time sped—she grew to winsome maid,
And lovely garments donned,—
Dear Mother Nature on this child
Of whom she was so fond,

Poured all the wealth she'd stored for years
Within her bank—the Sun;
With willing hands toiled day and night
To leave no thing undone.

Then looked about for one last gift
That all the rest should crown,
"Oh happy thought! I'll make a flower
And pin it to her gown!"

And flowers she still wears on her breast
Somewhere, the whole year round.
And in June days she comes always
To us with roses crowned.

Boston.—Public schools are closed, the blessed and bountiful summer vacation of ten weeks' duration has begun. Ever old, ever new is the list of graduates from school and college. Harvard every year sends out some members of the old historic New England families, as well as some founders of a family reputation to be highly honored in the near and distant future.

—The early summer county conferences have been of unusual interest. Many of them have adopted the rule to take a collection at each session for missionary purposes within the county.

—The new state house has risen two stories. The basement is built of gray marble, the stories above will all be made of pure white marble. It fronts on Mount Vernon street, opposite the present state house. It can not excel in beauty the style of the old edifice, but its interior conveniences will be superior to such as were known when Lafayette assisted in dedicating the first structure.

—There will be no summer issue of the Sunday-school newspaper.

—The new city library building, on Back Bay is finishing inside and may be ready for occupancy early next year.

—Rev. Wm. I. Lawrence, our Japan missionary is at present domiciled with Rev. Mr. Perrin, the Universalist missionary, in Tokio, formerly of Boston.

Omaha.—Our friend Mr. Hancock, author of "The Genius of Galilee," who is a prominent member of the Omaha Unitarian church, writes: "Mr. Mann preached his last sermon before a two months' vacation yesterday,—a magnificent sermon, too. The new church building is under way and will be pushed to completion before fall, funds having been subscribed sufficient to carry it through. The society is wide awake and the outlook encouraging."

Headquarters.—Rev. H. D. Maxson paid us a brief visit, Friday, July 3, on his return from a seven weeks' absence from home at the Western Conference, the Boston anniversaries and other points east. Having taken his resting-place thus in advance of the most of his brethren of the pulpit he will resume preaching early in July and continue through the summer.

Woman's Work at Warren and Nora, Wis.—In a recent issue there was a hopeful note from this field, speaking of the good work done there by the secretaries of the Illinois and the Western conferences' and the prospective good work by Mr. Gauld, of the Meadville School, who is laboring there during his vacation. In this connection it is interesting to add that Mrs. Lila Frost Sprague has successfully labored in this field for over a year, making her visits fortnightly, during which time the work at Nora has been revived and united with this field. It was the privilege of the senior editor to speak before the united constituency of this twin parish a few weeks ago at the close of Mrs. Sprague's labors for the season. He noted with pleasure the hearty sympathy that had grown up between people and pastor, and the keen sense of gratitude with which the people parted with their minister. In addition to this work Mrs. Sprague has shared the pastoral labors with her husband at Monroe, preaching once a month and actively co-operating in the parish activities. This is only one more evidence that women can do it. Let more try. Only let them take the long and careful road to such high and difficult work.

Andover, N. H.—The principal of Proctor Academy, True W. White, A. M., and Mrs. T. W. White, assistant teacher, have resigned after two years' service. The fall term of the academy will begin September 7.

Janesville, Wis.—Rev. Sophia Gibb, for nine years pastor of the Universalist church of Decatur, Ill., has received a call to the pastorate of the Unitarian Society of Janesville.

Hinsdale, Ill.—Rev. H. T. Root on Sunday, June 28, declined a call to remain as pastor of Unity Church. His address for the summer will be Hinsdale, Ill.

The Exchange Table.

THEOLOGY looks upon sin as something entirely apart from a man's natural defects, and upon religion as something entirely independent of his good qualities; both are from without, one the work of a malignant spirit, the other the gift of a good spirit, but both arbitrary or mechanical, and in no way related to the ordinary course of nature. How different the natural or scientific view! When we look upon the world with the eye of a philosopher we see that it is indeed the theater of opposite and contending forces, but that the good, that is, the good from the point of view of the best interest of the race, is slowly triumphing; we see the race struggling up into a higher and better life, the long, dark and devious route which man has come is disclosed, but his evolution has gone steadily forward. We do not find sin, in the theological sense, we see defects and imperfections, we see vice and disease, the ends of nature crossed and thwarted, but no more and no differently in the case of man than in the case of the animals and plants; we see, in fact, that death is everywhere the condition of life. We do not find that the theological system takes hold of fact as reality at any point. It is a matter entirely extraneous, or apart from the laws and condition of things. There is no place for the scheme of redemption. It looks just as artificial as the Ptolemaic system of astronomy. It is an invention of theology. On our maps we paint the different states and countries different colors, and make the boundaries very prominent, but in nature we know these things are not thus differentiated. The different climates are not thus sharply separated; neither are day and night divided by right lines. But our theology is as artificial as our maps or as our division of time.—*John Burroughs, in the Open Court.*

ONE of the proofs of the increased interest in the historical method as applied to religion and theology is found in the greater attention recently paid to those writings which are known as apocryphal. Two things have always been quite clear, namely, that those writings were generically inferior to the canonical books, and yet that they had a certain historical value. But the fact that the Church of Rome had given to some of them a deutero-canonical character had prejudiced Protestant divines against them to such an extent that for a long time they had been almost totally neglected. The error of this course has been fully recognized of late years; and the true character of many of the books which had been published under the names of authors who could not possibly have written them, has been examined and approximately ascertained. Among the most valuable of such books we may name the "Wisdom of Solomon" in our ordinary Apocrypha. But the students of early Christian History have wisely carried their researches a good deal further, and have brought to light a great deal of apocryphal literature produced immediately before the birth of Christ, and to a much larger extent in the second and third centuries after Christ. Among these are Apocryphal Gospels, Acts, Epistles, and Apocalypses.—*The Week.*

THE much talked of historic episcopacy is mere twaddle. It is an attempt to elevate an incident into the place of supreme importance. The Church of Christ consists of the body of the believers, organized in whatever way, or not organized at all. The essential of the church is in the inner life rather than in any form of organization. The viciousness of the high churchman's plea is found in this externalization of the church. The church is not meat and drink, rites, ceremonies, organization; but righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. It is the life of God in the souls of men. What external forms that life shall assume is a matter of human choice and convenience. That form is best which, for the time, best promotes in the individual the graces of the Spirit. If you can pray and live better under a bishop and with a book, by all means follow the bishop and the book; but if you find yourself more free with simpler furnishings, do not fail to use your liberty. The mode is immaterial.—*Zion's Herald.*

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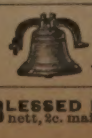
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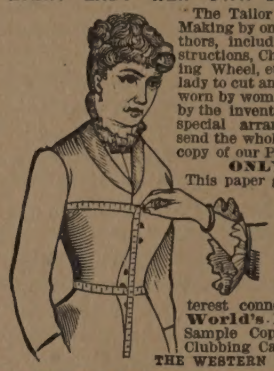
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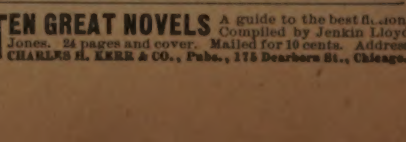
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Sun.—To do so no more is the truest repentance.—*Luther.*

Mon.—Saints for heaven, but for earth heroes.—*Hardy.*

Tues.—A life without self-examination is not worth living.—*Socrates.*

Wed.—Truth to thine own heart thy soul shall save.—*Chaucer.*

Thurs.—Nature is but the name for an effect whose cause is God.—*Cowper.*

Fri.—The highest exercise of charity is charity toward the uncharitable.—*Buckminster.*

Sat.—Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch, as the sunbeam.—*Milton.*

Birds' Nests.

I know where meadow grasses rank and high
A cradle cover,
Because two bobolinks with tell-tale cry
Above them hover.

Some mullein leaves beside my garden wall
Grow unmolested;
And under their pale velvet parasol
A sparrow nested.

An oriole toiled on from day to day—
The cunning weaver!—
Tying her hammock to that leafy spray
Above the river.

No wingless thief can climb that elm's frail stair,
Nor guest unbidden
Can reach the swinging airy chamber where
Her eggs are hidden.

A marsh-wren's cunning hermitage I see
As my boat passes,
Moored to the green stems of the fleur-de-lis
By water grasses.

And stay! I know another pretty nest,
Of woven willow;
With dainty lace and bits of ribbon drest,
And a wee pillow.

And just one bird, with moist and downy head,
Herein reposes;
He has no wings,—his shoulders grow instead
Dimples and roses.

You have a nest and little wingless bird
At your house, may be?
Of course you know without another word
I mean—a baby!

—*Wide Awake.*

"Jimmy."

The day before yesterday, about three o'clock in the afternoon, Mrs. Wright and I went to call upon a young lady who lives at a house called "The Lower Oak." Who is Jimmy? He is a middle-sized, short-haired, kindly-eyed, white dog, and I want to tell you a good thing about him.

We were shown into a room with a fire in it. A bright little room it was, with books and sunshine in it. On the hearth-rug lay Jimmy, curled up and content. Near him nestled a charming tortoise-shell-colored pussy. Anybody could see that *they* were friends. From the roof of the room, near the window, hung a cage with a canary in it. No, neither Pussy nor Jimmy would touch, or think of touching the canary. Nay, as I am going to tell you, Jimmy once showed himself to be Dicky's determined defender and guard.

It was in this way. A certain black cat at "Lower Oak" was quite a bird enemy. No bird was safe if the black cat could come near it. So, of course, this black cat had to be kept out of canary bird's room.

One day the lady whom we went to see had left Dicky, Jimmy, and Jimmy's pussy-friend of the tortoise-shell color, all together, and all safe in the bright little room with the books and the sunshine. Did she leave the door unshut? No one can tell. She was out a long time, hours maybe. On coming into the house again and entering the room, she was startled to find the bird-cage on the floor, with Jimmy sitting up beside it, and the *black cat asleep* on the hearth-rug!

What had happened? Ah! no one but Jimmy, the black cat, and the canary can ever know, and they are not able to tell. But *this* is what *seems* to have happened.

The black cat got into the room. He would make straight for the bird. The cage was high. He must have leaped from the chair or the little table. Leaping up he might have caught the cage with his front claws, and either by the blow have knocked the cage down, or else by his weight, when clinging, have pulled it down.

But the black cat never got the canary. Jimmy seems to have stopped that. Perhaps he growled when the black cat leaped. Perhaps when the cage crashed down the tortoise-shell pussy fled. Anyway, at whatever point it was that Jimmy set to work to save the canary, whether when the cage fell or before, it is quite certain he was found sitting up on guard beside the cage on the floor, and when his young mistress entered the room he got up and wagged his tail as if he knew that he, though but a dog, that day had done his duty. I shall always feel quite a respect for Jimmy.—*Young Days.*

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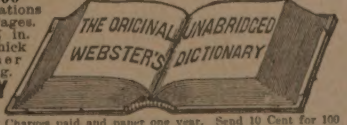

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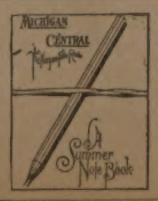

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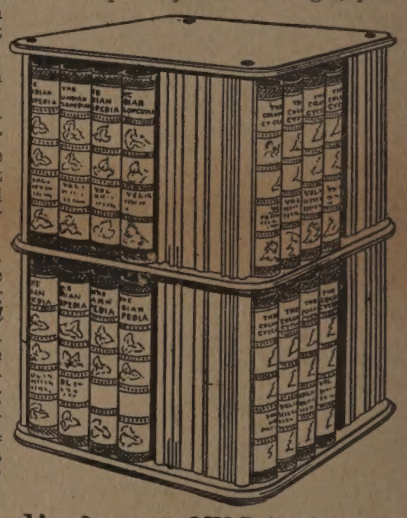

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